

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

On a Naughty Boy Sleeping.

Just now I missed from hall and stair
A joyful trouble that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed. I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's break
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through;
"If, no!"—and yet the fancy drew
A father's blood from heart to cheek.

And then—I found him. There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The ro-y-vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play;

The shattered vase; the broken jar;
A match still smoldering on the floor;
The inland's purple pool of gore;
The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strown leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods";
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached the foot that strayed;
The victor was himself o'erwrought,
What though torn leaves and fattered book,
And fallen in that ambushade,
I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be one who'd keep
An equal mercy for his child.

Dret Harte.

STORE TELLER.

A MYSTERIOUS LEGACY.

My grandfather was a sea captain—not a mere claimant of the title, like the watermen of the lakes and coast skippers who never get out of sight of land, and who, if they got there, could never get back—but a genuine "old salt," trained from boyhood under a tarpanlin hat, and as familiar with the "paths of the sea," as the shepherd is with those of the sheepwalk. Spending his life on extensive voyages, he was seldom at home long enough at a time for the salt spray to dry on his weather-beaten cheeks; and there was hardly a port on the habitable globe in which he could not shake hands with an old acquaintance, civilized or savage.

Of course his history was crowded with curious incidents. Most of these, at which my childish ears tingled and my eyes dilated, have become so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration. The following, however, made a more lasting impression.

During the calm between the Old French war and the American revolution, a large ship was lying at a wharf in the town of New York, loaded with a valuable cargo and ready to sail for Liverpool, and thence to whatever part of the globe the chances of commerce might dictate.

This was my grandfather's ship, only waiting for her papers and a fair wind. The papers were soon ready, and shortly after them came a breeze. Presently everything on board was in active preparation—the casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfurling of canvas, and the running up of sailor boys among the ratlines like spiders on their webs; while the sharp, imperative orders of the mate, and the hearty "yo-hoy-ye" of the cheerful crew echoed over the rippling waters, which looked in the rays of the setting sun as if it was covered with a cream of liquid gold.

Just before the last plank was hauled, a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the captain's state-room. Being conducted thither, he entered, and with a slight bow, accosted the captain, who sat writing at his desk.

"You are from Liverpool, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am in poor health, and, intending to spend the winter in Italy, wish to get passage in the first ship that sails for Europe. Will you take a passenger?"

"Yes, sir, if my accommodations will suit you."

"No matter about accommodations, captain. I am an old sailor, and know how to accommodate myself. Besides, the trim of your ship suits my eye."

The allusions to his ill health attracted my grandfather's scrutiny, and the introduction of an old sailor touched his heart. On noticing him more particularly, he was struck with an undefinable feeling of curiosity and sympathy at his appearance. Tall, straight, and rather slender, he was dressed in fine black broadcloth, with a sort of Spanish cloak of the same color and quality. A two-edged sword, common on shipboard at that

time, and improperly called a cutlass, was partly covered by his cloak and hung by his side without a sheath. His hair was quite gray, and his manly features would have been handsome had they not been so emaciated as to give unpleasant prominence to half a dozen deep scars on his face. His eyes were blue and full of expression, but restless at times, showing a sudden abstraction. The looseness of one of his black gloves gave evidence that he had lost a finger or two from his left hand. These observations were made by the captain while the stranger was looking at a beautiful sextant on the table. Turning, as if startled at his forgetfulness, he resumed:

"Name the price, captain, and I will pay it now."

My grandfather had already fixed the price in his mind, and replied:

"You are a sailor, sir, and sick. The accommodations of my ship, as well as my services, are at your free command."

The language of the sailor's heart cannot be misunderstood, and knows no interpreter; and the stranger knew that remonstrance would be ungenerous on his part. He made no reply, but eagerly extended his hand, and my grandfather as he shook it, thought he saw a tear in the stranger's eye. But noble hearts are impatient of exhibitions of gratitude, and he quickly added:

"I am all ready to sail, sir. Is your baggage on board?"

"This is all my baggage, sir," he replied, showing a small black satchel under his cloak.

Leading him to a state room, the captain left him and went on deck, and found his ship already under way, the sails filled with a stiff breeze, and wharves, warehouses and spectators fast growing small in the distance. At length, as darkness shut in the view, the wind increased to a gale, and from a gale to a tempest, and for ten days and nights the noble ship which had plowed the seas of latitude, from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, underwent such a conflict with the elements as she had never before encountered. During all this time the stranger had been confined below with apparently rapid consumption, which rough weather had swiftly matured.

During the storm the duties of the captain were so urgent that he could only make snatched and hasty visits to the sick man; and although they could have been spared from their quarters, he could have hoped for little aid or sympathy from any of the crew, who, with the easy tendency to the superstitions peculiar to their class, had associated his presence with the perils of the ship.

It would have required but slight encouragement from their officers to induce them to pay him the same compliment that the sailors of Joppa paid to Jonah, on a similar occasion, when "The sea wrought and was tempestuous."

But on tenth night, just as the captain was ready to answer a summons to visit the sick man's berth, the storm ceased with a suddenness that was startling; the wind was entirely lulled; and no evidence of its fury remained except the long swelling billows of the sea—the after-sights of its mighty passion.

The sudden stillness of the tempest, and the mournful creaking of the spars, now audible for the first time for many days, forced a shade of melancholy over my grandfather's spirits, as he hastened down gangway at the call of the stranger.

As he seated himself beside the berth, the sick man fixed his brilliant eyes upon him, and said calmly:

"Captain, I am dying!"

"I hope not, my dear sir; this dreadful gale has weakened you. It is over now, and you will soon better."

"No, captain," he repeated, "I am dying! The tempest, I know, is over; so is that other tempest in my breast! The ship has long been tossed and beaten about by the fury of the waves, but it has been sunshine and calm compared with that tempest, captain! But it is all over, now—for I have forgiven him—he has long been in the grave—but I have forgiven him."

My grandfather thought he was delirious, but a second look at the deep intelligence of his eye, and the smiling calmness of his features, forbade the conclusion. He gazed at him a moment with mingled compassion and curiosity, anxious to learn something of a history the closing scene of which was so dark and mysterious, but was unwilling to ask it. His look was in-

terpreted, and the stranger continued:

"I told you I was a sailor. Of thirty-five years, I have not spent one on land. But this was not my choice."

Like a ship, captain, my supports were knocked from under me, and I was launched upon the ocean. My father was an English merchant in Cadiz, extensively engaged in navigation. He lavishly provided for my education. Having traversed the halls of science, I left Oxford and returned to Spain at the age of twenty. The first year of my freedom from school I spent in rambling over the mountains of that enchanting country.

In a deep inland dell, shut out from the world, where the earth was always green and the sky was always blue, I met, one day, a beautiful shepherdess—and loved her.

"I will not describe her charms, captain, for you have been young, and a heart that has loved need not to be told that to the eye of true affection its object has no defects."

"My father learned my secret—but knew it not. I had a life long secret afterwards which he never learned! He came to me one morning, smiled, and said:

"My son, do you want to go to Cuba?"

"I eagerly answered in the affirmative; for it had been a cherished but hitherto forbidden passion with me to travel."

"One of my vessels sails to-morrow," he said, "and you may go."

"This short interval allowed me no time to bid farewell to my shepherdess, who was fifty miles distant, nor even to inform her of my departure; but I said aloud, 'I'll soon be back,' and many other consolations I whispered to my heart the next day while bounding over the Atlantic."

"The ship arrived in good time at Havana, discharged her cargo, reloaded and sailed for Calcutta! I was a prisoner on my father's ship, and for five long years I was kept from home—as if all the water of the ocean could wash out my love!"

"I escaped at length from the prison ship, when lying at Rio, and took passage in a French bark for the Guadalupe. No circumnavigation of the globe was ever so long as that voyage. I strained my eyes every day watching for Gibraltar, which I knew was thousands of miles off; and every night I dreamed of mountain rivalets, snowy flocks and Ina."

"Arriving at last at Seville, I hastened over the Nevada, and sought the sunny dell where my affections had so long nestled, and there found that the idol of my heart was the wife of an Andalusian shepherd! She had been told that I had deserted her, and afterwards that I was dead. I did not weep, for my heart was turned to stone. 'My father,' said I, 'shall never know of his victory! I did not go to see him; it was wicked, I know, but, burning with the spirit of revenge, I turned again to the sea, and never saw him more. I am faint, captain, and cannot prolong my tale."

In six months I was master of a large sailing vessel—you have seen that vessel, captain, but never in port, and I have often seen you, and knew your name twenty years ago. But no matter about that. My father continued to freight his ships and send them to different parts or the world—but he never knew that I superintended a large part of his business, and that many of his cargoes found a sale in ports to which they never had been consigned. His agents sometimes failed to report."

"I have said enough, captain; before to-morrow's sun sets, I shall be in the caverns of the deep, but I have forgiven him and do not complain. I have a fortune in the Bank of England, but with it is deposited a will, and the orphan son of Ina is my heir."

"You have been kind to me, captain, and in token of my gratitude I beg you to accept my watch and cutlass, and this paper, which you will carefully preserve." So saying, he held out a folded scrap of paper which my grandfather put into his pocket.

Morning dawned—but the stranger's eyes did not open upon it—they were closed forever. In the afternoon the "burial service at sea," that most solemn of sea scenes, was performed—and the shrouded body of the pirate, with a gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface of the ocean, and sank swiftly into its mysterious depths."

It was many hours afterwards that my grandfather bethought himself of the paper in his pocket. He opened it and read as follows:

"Captain Lee:—On the eastern point of Nantucket, at high-water mark, is a tall, sharp cliff. A quarter league due west from that cliff is a

large, round stone, and near the stone a thorn bush. That bush grows in a very rich soil."

The duties of his station kept my grandfather a long time abroad, and when he was in Boston about two years afterwards, and having a few days of leisure, he was thinking about acting upon that hint of the enigmatical paper, when his eye happened to fall on the following paragraph in the old Boston Messenger:

"WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—As Mr. John Rogers was breaking a piece of pasture ground on the coast shore of Nantucket, about a month ago, his ploughshare turned up a stout thorn bush, sticking to the roots of which Mr. Rogers espied several Spanish dollars. Upon this he went to digging lustily, and did not give up till he had hauled out coins, chiefly Spanish doubloons, of more than \$23,000 value. No doubt it was buried by Captain Kidd or some of his piratic kin."

"No doubt," thought my grandfather, as he put down the paper with a slight nervousness. In a week he was again facing the storms of the ocean, enriching his employers by his skill and toil, till infirmities finally drove him high and dry on shore. There, in due time, he died of old age, leaving little to his family, except the pirate's cutlass, which three generations of boys have used in their juvenile "trainings," and which, rusted and blunted, may now be seen in the office of his great-grandson, a lawyer of New York.—*New Bedford Standard.*

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE TOM THUMB.

To a Hartford, Conn., newspaper reporter, a gentleman who had acted as manager for General Tom Thumb gave the other day some information about that little man, of whom he said: "Altho' he met a great number of people, he never could say anything to them. He would simply answer their questions and then stop. Once in a while he would see something and speak of it to me or some other of his close friends, but never to a stranger."

"Was he a great reader?"

"Tom Thumb never read book, newspaper or aught else. During all the time I was with him I never saw him reading. He never took the least interest in the news or the romantic as it is found in novels."

"What did he do with himself during the little leisure he had?"

"Well, he never had very much leisure; he used to occupy it in playing billiards or in smoking. He dearly loved a horse, and over diamonds he went wild. The fancy may have partaken of a boyish freak; altho' men of rare intellect can not help but admire the exquisite color of an old-mine gem. He at one time owned a great many diamonds and horses. It has been asserted in the newspapers and out of them that the general drank to excess. Now, I will say this in his behalf; so long as I was with him I never saw him under the influence of liquor. He smoked several strong cigars a day, but he never was an intemperate drinker."

"How about his married life—was that happy?"

"It was truly a happy life. The dwarf couple had more pleasant conjugal relations than the average of grown-up people. She knew how to handle him; she had tact, and everything went smoothly, and yet I do not quite understand why she is now in Cincinnati."

"Was he rich at the time of his death?"

"I suppose he must have been, altho' I have no means of knowing now," said the ex-manager of the dwarf. "He made a great deal of money, and also spent a great deal, but he ought to have saved a goodly sum. He certainly made Barnum rich. I have always supposed the showman got the lion's share of the profits. The general broke with him, as he suspected he could make more money by managing his own tours. The dwarf also made his own parents rich. They were poor and shiftless until Barnum discovered their prodigy of a son, and with all his wonderful tact displayed him to an admiring world. They had a certain percentage of the earnings until the source of the income was of age, and at one time were worth \$49,000. Unlucky investments and a circus dwindled the pile until there was little left. The general himself began to gather in the coin after he had attained his majority. In England, although it may seem fabulous, he often received £100 a week."

Teaching Correct Walking.

An English woman who is giving instructions in calisthenics in Chicago advertises: "Ladies and children taught how to walk." To a *Times* reporter she said that the cardinal principle of her instruction was: To walk upon the ball instead of the heel of the foot. Nine out of every ten persons walk upon the heel. It communicates a jar to the spine which is very injurious. While placing the ball of the foot down first, if persisted in, will result in a gliding and graceful walk. The English and French are the most graceful walkers because their mothers give them proper teaching when they are children. All of the bad walks which characterize the Americans and Germans are due to the fact that no care is taken with them when they are infants. They are allowed to walk before their limbs are strong enough to support them, and they are also left a great deal to themselves. The mothers should guide them and teach them to walk, and they would not be so knock-kneed and bowed-limbed.

With ladies, tight shoes and tight lacing are the cause of bad walking. There is no room for freedom, and the cramping not only causes pain, but awkwardness.

"Have you remarked anything peculiar in Chicago women—big feet, or anything like that?"

"No; on the contrary their feet are abnormally small. The only characteristic of the Chicago woman is the number of corns she has. They wear shoes that are entirely too small. It is positively painful to me to see ladies who come to me with their feet cramped into small shoes. They are in torture, but they will not acknowledge it. On this account they can not stand up to go through the exercises, when they begin, longer than three minutes. Their faces pale, and they are obliged to sit down. To perform the calisthenic exercise, it is necessary to wear comfortable shoes, but I can not get some of my pupils to do it. In Philadelphia, most of my pupils were pin-toed, and I noticed this as a characteristic of Philadelphia women. The Southern women, as a rule, are the most graceful walkers, with the exception of the Texan girls, who scrape along the way. Teaching people how to walk is not new. There are pedestrian schools in Paris and London for ladies and gentlemen, and in both England and France the military schools include this in their curriculum. Particularly is this so at Aldershot, where the soldiers are put through an exercise similar to mine."

Died of Extravagance.

He was only twelve, but he picked up a pocketbook with \$10 in it, and with the rashness of youth started in for a grand debauch. He laid in \$2 worth of cigarettes and then commenced sampling the lemonade at the bridge entrance. As everybody knows, there is a wild profusion of brands at that place. He tried them all. First a goblet of circus brand, which is 3 cents; then a tumblerful of Sunday-school brand, which is 5 cents, and finally a mug of the iced Coney Island brand, which is 6 cents. By this time he was excited and reckless, so he bought a quart of green apples and two decayed bananas and sat down on the Astor House steps to enjoy them, and then went over to Hitchcock's and had some clam chowder. After this he proposed to go up to High Bridge and smoke cigarettes for a week. But he was intercepted by the Coroner at Eighty-sixth street, who cut his pants open and took out of his clothes two pistols, a quart of peanuts, six raw potatoes, one paper of chewing tobacco, four pounds of damaged gumdrops, six tickets for a dime museum, three new iron pocket-knives, a clay pipe, a dime song book and a pair of bathing pants. He was reported as a case of cholera infantum, but it was only extravagance.

The first woman who ever edited a newspaper in the country is Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett. She lives in a small farmhouse in Yazoo City, Miss., with wisteria vines climbing over the doorways and low windows and magnolia trees shading the wide porches. In 1848 Mrs. Prewett was left a widow with three children and a newspaper, and for a number of years she was editor, proprietor, agent and bookkeeper, her paper being especially famous in that region for its sparkle and strong editorials.

The Wife Influence.

[From the Youth's Companion.]

Two gentlemen at a large reception in New York, last winter, were discussing one of the foremost politicians of the country—a man, who, whether in office or out, always keeps himself prominent before the public.

"I knew him at college," said one of gentlemen. "He was a man with a clear head, extraordinary memory, and much personal magnetism. But I cannot understand why he chose a public life, or has pushed himself forward so persistently. He was a lazy, thoughtful, visionary fellow, absolutely destitute of ambition."

"I can tell you the secret," said the other. "You will find it in his wife's nose. There she is! Did you ever see a more perfect incarnation of energy and love of command! Napoleon would have chosen her for one of his marshals."

His friend was amused at the guess, and said presently:—"There is another of my old classmates, P. He was a thin, ambitious, scholarly fellow, with refined tastes and high aims. He is now a fat, indolent animal, without a thought, apparently, but his cognac and terrapin. Who is to blame for that?"

"His wife's mouth and her money. I will show her to you."

He pointed out a gross, voluptuous woman, richly dressed.

"P," he resumed, "has lived in idleness since his marriage. He was not strong enough to carry the weight of so much wealth and so much vulgarity. They have borne him down, he will never rise."

A Cheap London Times.

The London correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* gives information that the London *Times* has just inaugurated what will be a remarkable change. It will publish, at the price of one cent, a miniature digest of all the news including the leaders. This will be issued at 4 A.M., so that for the first time in the history of British journalism the hard-worked city man will have stewed down for him, into the most brief form, the whole of the news of the hour. An edition of the new paper will be published throughout every hour of the day. The *Times* will thus cut out both daily and evening papers, and with the resources at its command ought to win a great and lasting success.

FASHION NOTES.

The newest linen collars are merely a straight band of doubled linen of very fine quality, with narrow scallops, and embroidery along the upper edge.

Iron is to be the novelty this season. Hanging lamps, candelabra, andirons, fenders and other articles will be made of finely wrought iron in rich designs, already being imported for the holiday trade. The articles will be unique and costly.

Closely woven silk mitts are newer than those of the more open lace patterns, known as the Marguerite glove. They are embroidered at each end with a light vine, that passes around the hand and arm. They may be had of various lengths, and are in all the fashionable summer shades.

Scarce Articles With Some Folk.

"What is that lying on your desk?" asked Gus De Smith of a young society business man, at whose office he happened to be.

"Those are my receipted bills that I have just paid."

"Receipted bill! You don't say so?" exclaimed Gus, with animation; "let me look at them, please. I've not seen anything of the kind in the last five years."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Philadelphia lady, fresh from Europe, describes the costume of one of the leaders of London society at the Goodwood races. It was a black surah polonaise draped with yellow ribbons, caught up very high over the left hip to show a pleated skirt of yellow silk trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet ribbons. The gloves and parasol were yellow, the latter lined with black, and the small black straw bonnet was trimmed with yellow Marguerites. The lady was a blonde.

NOTICE.

The deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity are invited to attend a sign-service in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., on Sunday, September 23d, at 3 P.M.

Cottage City Spray.

The felicity has eventuated; the seaside summering for this year has been gathered in by old Father Time, with his crude moving machine, and filed away into the eternal hence. The joys and sorrows, the bathing and skating, the camp-meeting, the "bluffing," and moon-light rambles have been all consigned to oblivion's bottomless mar. The season here in common with all other summer resorts has been remarkably quiet. Doubtless this is due to the unusually cool weather, for a man to discard his pocket handkerchief and take to wiping his nose with a file, he forgets what a good time he is having and has vague thoughts of his overcoat which he will soon have to redeem from the pawn shop or strike his tailor for a new one.

There was a large crowd at the Cottage City Saturday to witness the sports and enjoy the festivities of the closing scenes of the year, the remarkable feat of Prof. Thomas Riley of diving from a tower seventy feet high. The obstacle race, the match game of base ball and the tight-rope performance were all that were advertised. The committee who had the matter in charge deserves much credit for the efficient manner in which the programme was carried out. Fireworks in the evening from the laboratory of Marston and Wells from Boston were after the usual style. The illumination, however, was a colossal fizzle. This was due to the high winds, which rendered it dangerous to having lanterns in wild profusion all over a cottage. The illumination would, however, have taken place, despite the high winds, had it not been for the recent destructive fire in Vineyard Haven.

The facilities for putting out a fire here are very meagre, and if once a fire got started we would have an illumination such as was never witnessed, and one that would deeply interest the insurance companies, who are now charging five per cent per year since the Vineyard Haven fire, and most cottage owners prefer to carry their own risk. The account of Miss Jennie P. Leach of Staten Island, N. Y., passing the summer at Vineyard Haven will appear next week in the *JOURNAL*.

There is quite a tribe of Indians at Gay Head. They are not, however, like the Indians we read of in books, who part a white man's hair in the middle with a broad knife, and shoot a bouquet of arrows into his gizzard with a hickory bow and a hemp string. They are destructive to New England rum and Lorillard's double thick. They spend much of their time in hunting the whale in his lair, and are often gone on a voyage twenty or thirty months, earning quite a sum of hard cash; but on his return the whole tribe, with true brotherly love, take right hold and help him squander it.

The remainder of my letter will appear next week.

ROUL LACROIX.

Sept. 16th 1883.

Harlem Scrapings.

Since the departure of the pupils to the Institution, every thing has remained as usual, and items are scarce. "Dolly Varden" will be your correspondent for a brief time.

Miss Clara Brady recently had a narrow escape from being burned to death. While lighting an oil stove, the flames suddenly sprang up, catching her on her left shoulder, and burning her on other parts of the body. She now mourns the loss of a part of her hair, which was also burned.

A Mr. Thompson witnessed a lively contest of base ball between the New Yorks and Cleverlands. He left for home in high glee when the game was announced a "tie."

Thomas Halloran, who has been reported as being out of employment, recently visited Fordham College to get employment as a tailor, but was told that he was not wanted. He is now some where in Yorkville.

Miss Gussie Sondberg has left from the Lexington Avenue School, and is now learning dressmaking with a private family.

It is reported that a female Fanwoodite who had decided to leave school, will probably return in order to finish her full co irse.

David Banta is now out of employment. He goes about as a gentleman of leisure, and makes signs in a queer manner.

All well among our mates.

DOLLY VARDEN.

9-17-83.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Deaf-Mutes in Japan.

We print in another column a very interesting letter from Japan, having reference to the deaf and dumb of that country, and asking for a missionary who understand the methods of teaching deaf-mutes. The deplorable condition of our class in Japan is easily understood when we consider that out of a population of over forty millions, only six deaf-mutes are being instructed. Tokio (or Yeddo, as it is also called) has a population of over 25,000. It is in this city that the school for the deaf and dumb is situated, and it is here that the instruction of the more than fortunate half dozen is being attempted. The love and devotion of Miss Carrie Ballagh—the missionary from America—to her little deaf-mute pupil, is touchingly beautiful. She has a noble object in view, and we hope she will succeed. She contemplates sending the little girl to the New York Institution to secure training that will fit her for teaching the silent and neglected ones of Japan. Miss Ballagh knows over forty deaf-mutes not one of whom has ever been taught any thing. How many hundreds—nay, thousands of deaf-mutes there must be in the Japanese Empire, destined to live and die with no knowledge save that which is acquired by the promptings of animal instinct. What a pitiable condition for such a large number of God's creatures. But will it remain so? We hope not. We will wait and see.

Attach the Stamp Properly.

WHEN any article of interest to deaf-mutes appears in any newspaper, we are always glad to receive the paper and reprint the article for the benefit of our readers. But it often happens that papers which are mailed to us do not reach their destination, and the consequence is we are assailed with questions as to why we failed to reprint the marked article or item. It is seldom that a correctly directed newspaper goes astray when it has a sufficient number of postage stamps attached. There are many, however, who do not stick the stamp properly. It often adheres to both the paper and the wrapper. All papers stamped in such a manner are subject to the same charges as are made on letters and sealed packages, and as it is seldom that any one is willing to receive a newspaper at such a price, they are sent to the dead letter office. We hope our readers will bear this fact in mind, as it will prevent a great deal of irritation and annoyance consequent upon lost mail matter.

The Colorado Institution.

ELSEWHERE our readers will find interesting account of the ninth anniversary of the opening of the Colorado Institution. The Institution has had a good deal of trouble and many drawbacks since it was established in 1874, yet, despite the vicissitudes and discouragements it has gone through, it has gradually and steadily progressed, though, under more favorable circumstances the Institution might have made a far better showing at the present day. Continual changing of Principals has hitherto worked no little damage. This term the *personale* is almost entirely changed. A good and experienced man is at the top, and, what has not before been the case, he is assured of the co-operation of his assistants in the work of education. The outlook for the Colorado Institution is much brighter than it has been.

Two or three interesting letters have been crowded out of this issue. They will appear in our next.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

James W. Barnes, of Pikeston, Ohio, is visiting relatives and friends in Cleveland.

Mrs. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., is visiting in Hamburg, N. Y., for one week.

Stephen Sinclair, who has been ill for some time, has been admitted to St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

William Pownall, of Brooklyn, is working in the Stained Glass Shop of Otto F. Falck, at 34 East Houston Street, New York City.

The Boren family, of Milton, Ind., will go to Marion City, Ind., to see Rev. Mr. Mann preach. They also contemplate going to Hartford, Ind.

Herr Joe Pospisil is engaged to Miss Annie Hughes, of Harlem, N. Y., who will be his wife in two months. We congratulate him and his intended.

Amos Ladd, of Winsted, Conn., sports a new bicycle costing him ninety-five dollars. He is going to the National Industrial Fair in Boston next month.

Mrs. E. P. Wood and her two youngest boys have returned to their home in Syracuse, Saturday, the 8th inst., after having enjoyed a three weeks' visit with relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

James E. Doran, clerk in the Syracuse, N. Y., Post-Office, who has been spending a week's vacation at the Thousand Islands and Buffalo, returned home on Saturday, the 5th.

Lealie G. Marshall was burnt out at the destruction of Howe's extensive sewing machine manufactory in Bridgeport, Conn., last month. He had worked there for about ten years.

The supervisors of the boys in the American Asylum has been abolished, as it was deemed unnecessary, and the charge of the boys has been returned to veteran Assistant Steward Crosssett.

Wm. Taegel, of Buffalo, N. Y., was in Cleveland, O., a couple of weeks ago, where he worked for five days, but has returned to Buffalo. He is a wood carver, and learned his trade in Germany.

Vital Rasicot, of Little Falls, Minn., was in St. Paul on the Fourth of July last. While there he met George Kinney and Philip Slaven. Kinney was educated at the Iowa Institution, and the latter at Faribault, Minn.

Philip Smith and David Kelly, stone carvers left Chicago a long time ago and are at present, working in Aurora, Illinois. They will probably go over to Austin, Texas, on next November or December to work. They will be pleased to see any deaf-mutes there.

John Madden has been on a visit to Hagerstown, and Fort Wayne, Ind. He met a little deaf-mute girl named Lauretta Thornborough, who has been a pupil of the Indianapolis Institution for two terms. He also met a deaf-mute named John Saxton.

Miss Lizzie Mitchell, of this city, who has been engaged as instructor in the deaf-mute school at Tarrytown, has been transferred to the school in New York City. She has just completed her vacation among friends here and returned to her duties.—*Rome Sentinel*, Sept. 11.

Miss Gussie Harper, of Scranton, Pa., a pretty and lively girl, is now stopping with Mary Frame, of New York City as her guest. She was a former pupil in the Scranton Mute School. She will leave for the Philadelphia Institution next week.

Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose, Mass., is a wonderful man, having been at the point of death by bronchitis, and not being able to work for more than a year. He is at work in his old rubber shop this summer with a fair prospect of full recovery, notwithstanding his doctor's objections to the said work.

On Wednesday night, the 12th inst., Rev. John Turner held a joint service in Glade Springs, Virginia for the benefit of Miss Hattie A. Baylor, an intelligent deaf-mute lady who mingles in society with the expertness of a speaking lady. The next night he passed through Grand Junction, Tenn., on his way to New Orleans, La., to fulfill his promise to officiate Sunday, the 16th inst.

On Sept. 27th, a debate over the question: "From which does the mind gain the more knowledge, Reading or Observation?" will take place before the Manhattan Literary Association. Messrs. Emil Beach and Henry Frey will speak for Reading, and Messrs. S. P. Cornelius and Fred Hoffman for Observation. Then Mr. Beach will deliver an essay and Mr. Loewenstein will declaim.

Connecticut appears to run to semi-religious stores. At a dinner party, a good feeling was assigned to the head of the table. Feeling that a blessing should be asked, and too modest to officiate himself, he ran his eye down the table until it rested on a man with a very solemn countenance. "Will you ask a blessing, sir?" The man addressed put his hand behind his best ear and shouted: "I would thank you to repeat your remark. I am so—deaf that I didn't hear you."—*Harpers Monthly*, October.

Notice to Twilighters.

The undersigned regrets the necessity of informing the members of the Twilight Union that an engagement will detain him from home on the evening of Sept. 29th, the time selected for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Hoping they will find an equally good place for the above purpose, I am

Very respectfully yours,
H. L. JENNISON.

MARRIED.

At St. John's Church, Detroit, Michigan, Sept. 12th, by Rev. A. W. Mann. Mr. Willie Abner Thayer and Miss Cora Nettie Burt.

Miss Flora Wiley, of Lookport, is visiting friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Thomas McGinness, formerly of Rhode Island, presented her husband a bouncing boy of twelve pounds on Sept. 10th, 1883.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach, is spending a week's vacation visiting friends in and around New York. He resumes his work with Pach Bros., of 841 Broadway, on Monday next.

James M. Moylan, who has been visiting friends in Brooklyn, N. Y., for two or three weeks, will return to Baltimore on Monday next. He visited the JOURNAL office on Wednesday, accompanied by a deaf-mute lady friend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Evans and their cousin, Geo. W. Evans, paid a visit to Mr. Skinner, of La Porte City, Ia., and also a short call on the father and mother of that gentleman, the latter two being aged 87 and 86 respectively.

Mrs. Whipple Follett will preach before the Providence Deaf-Mutes Society next Sunday at 10:30 A.M. Mr. Tillinghast and other deaf-mutes will attend, and a full house is expected. Come one, come all.—C. H. STEERE, Sec'y.

Mr. and Mrs. Shiner, Mrs. Knapp and Mr. Fountain, visited Walker, Ia., on the 11th inst. After enjoying themselves to their heart's content, all, except Mr. Fountain, who remains to help Mr. W. P. Evans, returned the next day.

Joseph M. Mallett sends us a copy of the *Tarborough (N. C.) Guide*. The paper is now howling along on its third annual voyage, and from what we glean from perusing it, it is as motto indicates, keeping "Abroad of the times."

Mrs. Susan M. Lyon and her daughter, Flora M. Lyon, are both employed in a knitting-mill. The grandmother of the former lady resides with them, and is taken care of by her daughter. She is in good health and passed her eightieth birthday on the 9th of last May.

A cablegram from the *Evening Telegram*, from London, England, announced the safe arrival of the steamer *Normandie*. Among the passengers were Rev. A. J. Belanger, the director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in Montreal, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Shiner were educated at the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution. The maiden name of the latter was Elizabeth Fuller. She left school in 1848, while her husband left two years previous. He is a painter and wagon maker, and is also a good farmer. The couple are childless.

The deaf-mute day school at Scranton, Pa., has been discontinued, and a private school for giving instruction by the "pure oral" method has been started, and is supported by subscription. Mr. Koehler, formerly Principal of the Day School, is now engaged in missionary work among the mutes.

Mr. Jos. K. Fountain, who formerly resided at Sugar Creek, Walworth Co., Iowa, has removed to Spring Creek, Black Hawk Co., Iowa. He was educated at Burrey Old Kent Deaf-Mute School, in London, England, and also at the 50th Street Institution, New York. He left England 34 years ago, and married Miss Caroline Rockwell, a former pupil of the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Miss Annie J. Wichtom, whom so many gentlemen think "a beauty" and so many ladies love, spent a part of her summer vacation at Lake Minnetonka and part at her home in Nebraska, entertaining company and driving around the country with her own horse and carriage, has lately resumed her place as teacher in the Minnesota Deaf and Dumb School.

Mrs. Margaret M. Taylor, the beloved mother of Mrs. Susan M. Lyon, of Averill Park, N. Y., died on the 5th inst., and was laid to rest on the 9th. The deceased lady was sixty years of age last April. The bereaved family mourn the loss of their kind and loving mother who was a good christian, and who died knowing no fear. She had been in poor health sometime before she died.

Mr. John F. J. Tresch, the New York deaf, writer, artist, intends to send an oil painting of Abbe de l'Epee to the Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, on October 2d. After the close of the Academy Exhibition, he will send the picture to the rooms of the Deaf-Mute Literary and Benevolent Union. Mr. Tresch is now painting the second portrait of Abbe de l'Epee for himself, to be hung in his studio.

Mr. Matthew Taylor visited Mr. G. W. Evans some time ago. He lives 22 miles north on Mr. E. and is a farmer. He has a deaf-mute brother living in Attica, N. Y., another in Black Hawk Co., Iowa, and a mute sister in Milwaukee, Wis. Her maiden name was Sarah Taylor. She was educated at Delavan, Wis., and married Samuel Tyson. Mr. Matthew Taylor and his wife (whose maiden name was Bobie Watsonpangh) were educated at the Iowa Deaf and Dumb Institution.

George Piano, a mute of Highland Falls, N. Y., is a member of the leading base ball club in that vicinity; also of the "Merry Makers," a social organization at which he has much fun; he is also a democratic elector and a member of the Senatorial and Assembly Committee of his town, and although he seldom meets mutes he is never lonesome, he having many hearing friends who fluently use the manual alphabet. This combined with his being a printer probably accounts for his cheerfulness.—*Cor.*

Miss Mary Frame's beloved and aged mother died in Scranton, Pa., on Aug. 26th, and the funeral services took place on the afternoon of Aug. 28th, from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Luther Orchard, of Spruce St., Scranton. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Dunning, now of Kingston, Pa., and formerly of Honesdale, Pa., at which place her mother was for many years a member of his congregation. The interment was at Forest Hill Cemetery. Her mother has been sick with paralysis for eleven years. Her age was sixty-eight. She was always kind to all mutes who visited her. The numerous friends of Mary Frame deeply regret her mother's death.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is now in New York, but will return soon to this city with his family. During their absence from Washington, Prof. Bell has had an extensive addition built to his house on Scott circle, in which is a large room designated especially for the reception of deaf mutes, with whom it is his intention to hold daily auditions, teaching them in the same manner as he has done his wife the art of speaking, even though the great gift of hearing be denied them. This plan owes its origin to the great genius attending similar instructions to Mrs. Bell, who is thus enabled to help her husband in his great undertaking.—*National Republican*, Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, 1883.

Deaf-Mutes in Japan.

[The following letter, which was sent to Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., principal of the New York Institution, has been kindly furnished for publication in the JOURNAL.]

HAKONE LAKE, JAPAN, }
Aug. 10, 1883. }

DR. PEET:—
DEAR SIR:—Mr. Amerman has just written of the visit which he made you, at my request, and of his pleasant and interesting entertainment. I know there can be nothing dearer to your heart than the welfare of those who are denied the privilege of hearing and of speech, so I presume to impose upon you my desires for the mutes of this land.

If we regard those as unfortunate who have only the limited use of their senses, though in the midst of an enlightened and progressive people, what shall we say of those mutes who are surrounded only by superstition and idolatry, a darkness worse than that felt by the Egyptians of old?

My Japanese teacher has told me that the mutes are supposed to be possessed by evil spirits, they are often ill treated when young, despised in youth, and feared and hated when old. Whenever I speak of educating one, they exclaim that the child is a *baka*, or fool, and that such teaching is out of the question. This is the popular belief. The Japanese Government has, however, lately endeavored to help this class and the blind.

There is an asylum in Tokiyo for them, there being twenty blind and six mutes when I last examined it. The teachers are Japanese, without a foreign instructor, and the Institution is not satisfactory.

There is quite a gifted and ingenious man who has a school in Kioto, which is interesting, and, to a certain degree, successful.

When I came to Japan as a missionary, two years ago, I did not have a thought of mutes, and knew nothing of the system of educating them beyond the use of the manual, which I had always used at school, and although for four years I lived within a short distance of the Institution in Staunton, Va., I had learned nothing more. When I entered upon my work in our girls' school, I found there a little one, deaf and dumb, who had been sent there with her sister to be kept out of the way at home. Of course she was taught nothing, as the Japanese have no system of instructing them, but her vacant face so haunted me that I determined to make her smile, if possible. She was too shy to approach me, but after some time I succeeded, by gifts of candy and dolls, in making her my friend. I taught her a little, but it was dull work; however, she became happier with the little drops of knowledge she acquired, and after much prayer for direction, because of my ignorance, I determined to teach her English.

She was three months learning the alphabet, but since then her progress has been steady. However, we labor under difficulties; she is only seven years old, and has no children of her class to play with and learn from. From this time, her whole aspect became changed—her face became bright and intelligent, she no longer howled, scratched or bit, but seemed to be unusually sweet and demonstrative for a Japanese child.

I taught her chiefly by scrap-books and object lessons, but I could give her only ten minutes or so a day, as my time was so employed with my regular duties, still she grew to love study, and I was glad to find that others noticed her improvement.

I have received much help through correspondence with several mute teachers in America, and now my whole heart turns to such a work with a desire I cannot express in words.

Hi-de's (pronounced Ho-da) parents noticed her improvement when she returned in vacation, and requested me to keep her with me in the summer as well, they paying all expenses. Nothing could have given me more encouragement or pleasure, and so I brought her with me to the mountains. She is the wonder of every Japanese who sees her, and there is no one who can help being interested in her.

She wrote to-day on her slate: "Jesus loves Hi-de, and Miss Ballagh," adding a great many other names. A man died here, and when she saw the coffin, she asked: "Will that man rise from the dead?" To-day, she insisted that Shigi (a woman here) kept idols in a cupboard. I told her "No," but she was quite positive. Shigi let her examine the cupboard, after which she exclaimed: "Shigi is a good woman; she has thrown away her idols, and worships Jesus," which was all very true. Every idol she pronounces *bad*, and every grave as well—I suppose because the people worship at the graves. She is very particular about saying her prayers, or rather keeping quiet and have some one say them for her.

Her delight in Hakone scenery is intense, and she can scarcely wait to finish her lesson to take a walk or row.

I have succeeded with her education far beyond my expectation, and was pleased when one of the trustees of the Tokiyo Asylum said she knew far more than any mute there. Still, she knows very little. I know only a few of the signs which are so universal and essential, and this is a great regret to me. I have made a great many, of course, but these I dislike to use. I am very anxious to study under you, and when I return to America, in a few years, probably, I shall certainly endeavor to spend as

long a time as is necessary to become a thorough instructor. I have inquired here and there about the mutes, and I now know of forty-one—how many more there must be, and how great the need of educating them! The Truth can reach them in no other way.

My greatest desire is to have a school—a home for them—but I must wait, wait! I taught a little boy in Yokohama for a few weeks only, and hope to resume in the future.

It seems almost impossible to get the children. The rich men will not send them for one reason and another or for no reason at all, and the poor can not.

Hi-de is of a wealthy family, and when I go to America I hope to take her with me, in which case, would you like to have her in your Institution? Her parents are willing that I should train her for a mute teacher, and I will be only too glad if it can be done.

If ever I can get enough pupils for a school, and enough interest at home to support a teacher, I shall be most happy to secure the services of a well trained mute.

Can you tell if any of your young ladies would be willing to become a missionary to Japan—though there would have to be some one in a mute school who could talk the language, in order to procure pupils and satisfy visitors as well as to direct affairs. It almost seems to me an air-castle, but surely nothing to be utterly despaired of, as long as the object is good. God rules above, and His loving servants gladly give some of their overflowing cup to thirsty ones who can not even ask for the Living Water.

If my sister does not come to Japan this autumn, I hope to send her to you, to take the training which at present I am unable to receive.

If it is not asking too much, would you please send me a catalogue, and write me about how long it would take to master the sign-language, and your terms.

Can you tell me if the advantages in the Berkeley Asylum, California, are good?

If you have time to give me and instruction or advice, I shall be greatly indebted to you.

I hope, next year, to have more pupils, and will know better how to teach them.

I send Hi-de's picture and autograph, as it may be of interest.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) CARRIE E. BALLAGH.

Dr. Gallaudet's Trip to Europe.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP BRITANNIC, }
September 12, 1883. }

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Supposing that the readers of the JOURNAL may be interested in a brief account of my European trip, I venture to send you this communication for publication.

Kind friends having furnished me the means to attend the International Convention of the Teachers of Deaf-Mutes, to be held in Brussels on the 13th of August, I took passage in the steamship "Britannic," of the White Star Line, on Saturday, the 14th of July. It was a great comfort to me to have for fellow-passengers my son-in-law and my daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, the sister of the former, Mrs. Munson, and my two grand-children, Mabel and Munson. We had a delightful, smooth voyage, being favored most of the way with moonlight evenings. The passengers were on the upper deck most of the time, sitting in their staterooms or walking up and down. On both Sundays, at 10:30 A.M., it was my privilege to conduct divine service in the dining saloon. We had good congregations, all joining in the worship of the Heavenly Father, who holds in His power the sea and the land.

One evening, I delivered a lecture on the sign-language, the education of deaf-mutes and the progress of Church Work among them.

We reached Liverpool on Monday, July 23d. I made a little visit with Mr. Shaw and family at New Brighton, a watering place in the neighborhood of Liverpool, and on the following Wednesday, went up to London by the North Western Rail Road. At the Euston Station, I took a cab and drove through the crowded streets of earth's great metropolis, to Ludgate Hill Station, and thence went by rail road to the celebrated Crystal Palace station, soon finding myself enjoying the hospitality of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lyman in their beautiful home "Wyoming." Benlah Hill, Upper Norwood. They have for a neighbor the celebrated Baptist clergyman, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. For two weeks I made frequent trips to London and also enjoyed several drives about the country in different directions from Upper Norwood. On Thursday and Friday, July 26th and 27th, I attended the Convention of the National Association of deaf-mutes, in the Lecture Hall of St. Saviour's Church, Oxford Street, and had the great pleasure of meeting there Dr. Peet, Mr. Gamage and yourself. On Friday, at 10 A.M., we had a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Saviour's Church. How I wished that the English and American deaf-mutes had a common sign-language and manual Alphabet! We, Americans, can, of course, converse with our English brethren individually by using slowly the double-handed alphabet, but we cannot address a congregation; because our signs, taken from the French, are almost entirely different from theirs.

I visited the Training College for teachers on the oral system at Ealing, and the Institution for the Blind at Norwood. The principal of the latter

is the celebrated blind gentleman, Dr. Campbell who made the ascent of Mount Blanc and other peaks of the Alps some years ago. His son has trained the pupils of this Institution most wonderfully in their new gymnasium. I saw several of the boys and young men exercise on the bars and swings. Two of them ran a sack race on the lawn and fifteen or twenty went through a military drill with rifles, brought from the Tower of London. At this visit, I became acquainted with Col. Richardson Gardner, a Member of Parliament from the Windsor district. He was so kind as to introduce me into the House of Commons on Monday evening, July 30th, to hear the great debate on the Suez Canal, conducted by Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the opposition, Mr. Gladstone, and other distinguished men. I staid to the division, and did not leave the House till 1:20, Tuesday morning. Everything was so new and exciting that I did not feel fatigued. I hurried through the stillness of the night to the Westminister Palace Hotel, quite near, to seek my needed sleep. Rising bright and early, I went on a small steamboat and sailed up the river Thames to the old palace, called Hampton Court, rich in its collections of valuable paintings and closely associated with monarchs of England in olden times. I spent the night at the renowned "Star and Garter" Hotel in Richmond, visited Kew Gardens and returned to my friends at Upper Norwood.

During my stay in London, I attended services in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, St. Margaret's Church and St. Saviour's Church for D-f-Mutes. The pastor of the latter is Rev. Mr. Rhind, successor to Rev. Samuel Smith. On Bank Holiday, August 6th, I visited the Cathedrals of Ely and Norwich. In the latter, I was present at the 5 P.M. service, and saw one of the ancient English customs. The Judge of the Assize and the High Sheriff of the County, in their official robes, came in carriages of state, preceded by various officers, bearing maces and other insignia, came to the cathedral for a grand service and sermon, preceding the opening of the Court the next morning. The Judge had on a wig and scarlet robes.

On Friday, August 10th, I left London for Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, on the sea coast. In Margate, I was kindly conducted through the new buildings of the old London Institution for Deaf-Mutes by the matron, Miss Howard. It was vacation and the principal, Mr. Elliott was absent. I reached Dover that night and the next day Brussels via Ostend. I took quarters at the Hotel Bellevue, next to the King's palace and opposite the Royal Park. On Sunday, by the invitation of the Rector, Rev. Mr. Jenkins, I assisted in the services of the English Church of the Resurrection. The rest of the week was passed in attendance upon the International Convention of Teachers of Deaf-Mutes in the *Palais des Academies*. The Northampton Institution, in Massachusetts was represented by Mr. Hubbard and Miss Yale, and the New York Institution by Rev. Dr. Stoddard, Dr. Peet and wife, Mr. Gamage, Mr. Theodore Peet and myself. Monseigneur De Haerne was elected President. Dr. Peet was one of the Vice-Presidents. The venerable Mr. Leon Vaisse, of Paris, many years ago a teacher in the New York Institution, was considered one of the most distinguished members of the Convention. We had a short visit from the King Leopold II. We went to the Institutions in Brussels and also those in Ghent and Antwerp. The pupils are now all taught by the oral method, signs and the manual alphabet being discarded. Though I saw some very interesting results, I am still an unwavering believer in the combined method. In order to fully unfold ideas, signs and the manual alphabet are as natural and as necessary to the deaf as the sounds of the human voice are to the hearing. The proceedings of the Convention moved on slowly, because the papers and addresses had to be translated into different languages. The questions were of a practical nature—relating to normal colleges for teachers, the number of pupils who could profitably be taught by one teacher on the oral system; the expediency of having trades connected with the schools; the feasibility of agricultural establishments; and the care of adult deaf-mutes. The convention having elected the General Committee and the different National Committees, adjourned to meet in Frankfurt on the Main in 1887. On Saturday evening, Aug. 18th, the members of the Convention had invitations to a grand reception at the City Hall, the spire of which was brilliantly illuminated. The reception was in honor of the London riflemen, and was also connected with the anniversary of Belgian independence.

On Sunday, I officiated again at the Church of the Resurrection, preaching at the 7 P.M. services. At 5 P.M., in a Lutheran church, I addressed a congregation of deaf-mutes who are under the leadership of an intelligent, kind-hearted, devout deaf-mute man by the name of Mr. Hayneaux. The next morning, under the guidance of my friend Rev. Mr. Jenkins, I visited the battle field of Waterloo. In the afternoon I saw a rowing regatta on the canal and in the evening met quite a company of deaf-mutes in the rooms of Mr. Hayneaux. On Tuesday, having called on the American Minister to Belgium, Mr. Fish, I took an express train for Paris where I spent two days at the Hotel Con-

tinental. Having revived my recollections of that wonderful city, called on M. Berthier, a deaf-mute gentleman about 80 years of age, and visited the old Institution for Deaf-Mutes, I left for Rouen, Havre, Southampton and the Isle of Wight. The latter reminded me of our Staten Island. I spent Sunday, Aug. 27th, in Winchester, attending the forenoon service at St. Cross Church which supports fifteen old men, called Brothers. They live in buildings near the church. Each wears a silver St. Andrews' cross on the left breast. At 3:30 P.M. I enjoyed a fine musical service at the Cathedral through which the Dean, Dr. Kitchen, afterwards conducted me. In the evening I made a short address at an open-air meeting. On Monday forenoon I enjoyed a visit to Salisbury Cathedral. On my return to Winchester, I invited Rev. Mr. Cooke and wife to accompany me on a drive to Hursley to see the Church, Rectory and grave of Rev. John Keeble, the author of the sweet poems which the whole world knows under the name of "The Christian Year." The next day I visited my loved ones who were tarrying for awhile in London, and then saw Litchfield Cathedral where the great Bishop Selwyn concluded his life-work for the Master. Having seen Leamington, Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birth place, I passed on to Worcester and Gloucester to take a look at their grand Cathedrals. At Brinknash Park, Painswick, 4½ miles southeast of Gloucester, I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Ackers, who have a daughter educated on the oral method. Mr. Ackers has devoted himself with great earnestness to the support of the Ealing Training College, and is an enthusiastic believer in the oral system. Sunday morning, I preached at the neighboring parish church of Upton, St. Leonard's, and in the evening, conducted service in the small chapel of Mr. Ackers' residence. The congregation was composed of his own family, the household servants and the laborers in the Park. It was a real comfort and pleasure to me to mingle in the domestic life of this Christian family. It will interest your agricultural readers to know that Mr. Ackers is one of the most prominent breeders of the short-horned stock. I saw in his stables some beautiful animals, bulls, cows and heifers, which have taken prizes at several cattle shows.

Having seen the principal points of interest in Gloucester and its neighborhood, and attended the great choir festival in the Cathedral, I reached Liverpool about 10 o'clock, Tuesday night. On Wednesday, I saw the Chester Cathedral, and returning to Liverpool, visited the orphanage for the children of deceased sailors, and dined with Captain and Mrs. Perry. On Tuesday, September 6th, I went on board the "Britannic," Capt. Perry, and started for my beloved home and country—ready to take up my work with renewed interest and energy.

With best wishes for the success of the JOURNAL, and for the prosperity of all our deaf-mute friends throughout the country, I am

Yours very sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Wedding Bells.

A pleasant affair came off at Moriah, N. Y., on the 29th ult. Mr. Fred L. Reed, of Mineville, and Lizzie E. Miller were united in marriage. At the same time and place the Rev. J. Whitman Cowan, of Tabor, Ia., and Adele Miller were also united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. A. Miller, father of the two brides. A few only of the family friends were present, but the occasion was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Fred Reed and wife will reside at Mineville. Rev. Mr. Cowan and wife left immediately for Tabor, where Mr. Cowan was to resume his duties on the 2d Sabbath of September. Ed. Miller, a brother of Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Cowan, has just commenced a few years College course at Tabor.

Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Cowan and Mr. Ed. Miller, are the nieces and nephew of our Syracuse friend Evelyn P. Wood, and he is to be congratulated on the fair prospects of his relatives in whom he is much interested.

A Deaf and Dumb Wedding.

Greenfield (Ind.) Democrat, Sept. 13.

COLUMBUS.

Various Improvements.

A BEAUTIFUL WAIF.

At His Old Tricks.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

While returning on the train between Bellaire and Newark, Ohio, on the last day of vacation, we bought a copy of the *Columbus Daily Journal* and were soon absorbed in reading the following very interesting article:

"Superintendent Pratt, of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and his many assistants now have things about in readiness for the opening of school this week, though they have been annoyed and detained some by the contractors and others who had repairs to make about the building. The work of cleaning has progressed systematically, though about the time some particular apartment would be in readiness for the work of the year, the carpenters, painters or others would make a raid on some unfinished corner, and thus have matters been delayed. It can be safely said, however, that the building was never before in such complete repair and in such good condition for the opening of school as it is this year. The appropriation for the new heating apparatus made by the last Legislature, has been used in a most judicious manner, and will greatly enhance the facilities for comfort during the coming winter, as well as furnish all with a fresh supply of air, something which the teachers and pupils have not received heretofore, very much to the detriment of the health of all connected with the Institution. Aside from the matter of fresh air now being among the possibilities, many changes have been made in halls, etc., looking to additional conveniences with the space at hand. There is hardly a room or hall in the building but has been repainted or repapered, and all is as neat as a pin from the play-rooms to the class and study-rooms and dormitories. It is to be regretted that sufficient appropriation was not made to put down new floors in the halls and other places where they are so much needed. It is false economy to rot foundations with leaky open floors from frequent scrubbing and the battle with dirt, when a new floor would have saved much waste.

In passing through the building, a striking feature is the manner in which everything is crowded and how the management is compelled to make an effort to accommodate about one hundred more than ought to be admitted to the building. The dormitories are crowded with beds, and on the boys' side the halls leading to the same have been appropriated. Were it possible to avoid this it should not be done, as the situation would be a most critical and dangerous one in case of fire. Nothing speaks louder in the way of a demand for another building in some other part of the state or supplemental to this one than a glance at the crowded accommodations. It is a necessity which should have been met by legislation before this time. There are now between 400 and 500 deaf-mutes in the state who have never been inside the Ohio institute, and who are entitled to and would improve facilities if they were but offered. Something will have to be done for the deaf-mutes of the state.

There are about seventy new applicants for admittance this year, and counting ten or twelve who do not understand the rules and generally come without the formality of an application, there will be at least eighty. About four hundred and thirty can be accommodated and they will be received till this number is on hand, and the balance will have to be turned away. The advance guard began to put in an appearance yesterday. More will arrive to-day, and by to-morrow the mass of pupils will be on hand and systematic work will be inaugurated.

The fountain and pool in the front yard is being built under the direction of Superintendent Stelzig of the City park. The basin is being made five feet deep, so that fish can be kept over winter. The rim of the basin is to be of heavy Berea curb, and with a neat fountain in the center, which is to be of clay or bronze character. It will be a fine improvement.

Superintendent Pratt and wife seem peculiarly suited to the trying duties of their respective positions. They are both good natured, even tempered and clever in disposition. If the perplexities of the place do not ruffle their dispositions materially in a short time, they will have reason to congratulate themselves. The new superintendent is seemingly all business in his make up, and it is very evident that the board of trustees have been fortunate in securing the right man for the right place.

All the teachers, both the old and new ones of the Institution, were properly on hand in the chapel at ten A.M. Thursday morning.

Mr. Plumb M. Park and Miss Clara B. Reed had resigned during the vacation of the school. The former emigrated to California to be near his son and grandchildren, while the latter sought a home of her own in this city.

"A private letter from Mr. F. C. Sessions, dated at Moscow, Russia, August 25, announces that himself and Mrs. Sessions are well and enjoying their journey homely. They were practically shut out from the home newspaper world, but expected better things in a few days."

At least three hundred pupils had reported themselves at the Institution by Wednesday night.

The *Ohio State Journal* prints this piece of news:

A BEAUTIFUL WAIF.

Mr. M. V. Crouse, superintendent of the Cincinnati Children's Home, came up to the city yesterday, bringing a little girl, Lizzie Armstrong, to the Deaf and Dumb asylum. Lizzie is but 8 years old, and is wonderfully beautiful. Her father left her at the Children's Home in Cincinnati some time since, saying that he would obtain work, and then return for the child. He has never been heard from since. Mr. Crouse visited the penitentiary before his return.

Mr. Terrell, a cousin of the Parks, has received the appointment of a teacher at this Institute, and has charge of a class in the primary department. He had one year's experience in the profession before his coming here—at the Michigan State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, have come and gone—leaving the Columbus Club "high and dry" in the game of base ball. In one play it took ten innings to decide the game when Dundon was the pitcher, but the responsibility of the defeat rested upon others than himself.

Herbert Walker, a lad about eight years old, ran away from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum yesterday, and was found last night a mile or so the other side of Shadeville on the Circleville pike. A farmer named Morehead kept him over night.—*Journal*, Sept. 13.

Adam Forepaugh's show and circus exhibit in Columbus, September 22d.

Miss Emma Robinson, of Wheeling, has become Mrs. Dakin. The happy couple took in the Institution last week and received warm congratulations from their friends. Miss Anna Logan, of this State, is also married, but we have not learned the name of the lucky possessor.

Miss Mary C. Bierce had an extended trip during the vacation before she finally alighted at Memphis, Tenn., where her people had recently settled down in business.

Mr. Matt Ruffington reached New York from Jamaica, September 8th, and this Institution on the Tuesday following. Among the curiosities he brought from that Island was a little bush bearing coffee berries. They look red, like cranberries, a few have already turned brown.

Miss Blanche Filler, a teacher here, has been to Long Branch this vacation—the first time she was ever at the sea side. With reluctance Blanche tore herself away from this delightful watering place to return to her (figuratively speaking) garret duties.

AN INCENDIARY AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

Charles Davis, the deaf and dumb boy who has spent most of the past year in prison because of his persistent mania for setting fire to buildings, and who was only a few days ago released from the county jail, was discovered to-day attempting to fire a building of Mr. Mackabow, who has a china store on or near Main street. Some other boys discovered the first attempt, and drove the young rascal away. A second attempt was afterward made, when Davis was captured, and held until the arrival of the patrol wagon, in which he was taken to the city prison. It is stated that the patrolman in the district refused to arrest Davis, on the ground that he would be discharged, and it wasn't worth while to lock him up. It is evident that the youth is too dangerous to be allowed his liberty.—*Evening Dispatch*, 15th inst.

Mr. G. W. Robey, of Carroll, Co., an old pupil of Supt. Hubbell's, was in Columbus two weeks, visiting with friends. He first came to school in 1846.

Mr. Brothers (nee Miss Bartley), of Minerva, O., attended the chapel service last Sunday. She is the guest of Mrs. Lynn on Oak street.

Thirty new pupils have been received to date (last Saturday).

The first Sabbath day of the school term was opened by the Superintendent who took for his text from Luke—"I am the light of the world." Being himself an earnest christian, his Sunday lecture was very interesting and instructive. Nearly all the teachers sat with the pupils in the chapel.

Mr. A. H. Schory has been among the Thousand Islands and still further up the Lawrence River, taking in Montreal and Quebec before he eventually turned up home in Ohio.

Mr. Robert Patterson sits again in the editorial chair of the *Vis-a-Vis* for another year. This Institution paper will be distributed free among the scholars. To all outsiders, the subscription price is one dollar a year.

The teachers in charge of the evening study remain the same as last term.

A teachers' meeting was held in the Library room last Friday evening, at which our new Superintendent indicated some of his plans in regard to the management of the Institution.

NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

A MODEL WOMAN.

I know a woman wondrous fair,
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
When she goes out to tea.

She never goes after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.

She never talks of woman's rights:
Nor is she so unkind,
When'er her husband says out late,
To talk him deaf and blind.

She never beats a salesman down,
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some;
But just remember this, my friends,
The woman's deaf and dumb.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Re-echoes of the Silent Congress.

The venerable Thos. Brown, of New Hampshire, was the hero of the occasion.

Half of those who were there were "mum," as far as the gift of "gab" was concerned.

The deaf and dumb professor with the camera, who wanted to boss the business of photographing the Convention, did not turn up after all.

The success of the picnic of the "Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf Mutes," is universally acknowledged. There were perhaps more than one thousand mutes present, besides, don't you forget it, ice-cream was dug out at twenty cents the tablespoonful.

Mrs. Dean, of Minnesota, Messrs. Heyman, of New York, and Elwell, of Philadelphia, refreshed themselves on "auld lang syne." Miss Howard, of Gotham, was not there to partake of the refreshment. However, she had enough fun Kats killing ever so far up the Hudson.

The prettiest girl in the room at Lyric, may have hailed from "out west," but we offer the cake to Albany.

Mr. Jacques Loew looked like the Vienna white-satin-tie bachelor nabob, as usual.

The Misses Barry, of Baltimore, and Smith, of Massachusetts, were as thick and sweet friends as an English plum-pudding.

Miss Franklin, of Minnesota, looked down severely on the motely crowd as if nothing new was going on under the sun.

Mr. Senior, "the Jersey chap," took free-hand photos free of charge at Glen Island.

Mr. Robert Patterson, of Ohio, was the poor mutes' friend.

Messrs. George, Fox, McGregor and J. Wilkinson were the champion of free speech for the deaf and dumb.

Mr. Holmes, of Massachusetts, was, according to our poor judgement, the best looking man there.

J. K. Hoagland did not want you to forget it that he was from the land of blue grass and blue sky of Ohio.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Colorado, did not miss the Convention with his killing ways, after all.

Mr. Herman Erbe, of Connecticut, looked shy and isolated among the big bevy of ladies.

Mr. Waters, of Brooklyn, received many congratulations upon his convalescence. We were all happy to see him about once again.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Philadelphia, felt as happy as a big sun-umbrella.

"Hieronymus" wanted his fair partner at Glen Island to tell him in three letters what that dried shorn stuff was that covered the lawns. She gave it up.—Hay.

Josie Goldman came to the Convention from the greatest number of states!

Mr. Greenberger's "oral" graduates were there, and thick as flies over a hoghead of molasses!—buzzing in the natural way, of course.

Bob Stevenson, formerly of Ohio, now of Philadelphia, took back to the Quakertown, a frizzly "dawgy, dawgy," as an evidence that he is not going to leave Quakertown for Brooklyn as hearsay reported.

D. Webster G., of Chicago, despite his "eternal smiles," looked as polished, every way, about his head, as Massachusetts' great statesman.

Mr. T. F. Fox, at the Colosseum, had a gorgeous badge of tinsel and ribbons on the lapel of his coat, and winked and shook his hand under his right ear when "Hieronymus" passed by.

Mr. Krause, the "Bosting" giant, said he "felt very small" in the big crowd of monster "guns." How dare you contradict a giant?

Mr. "Spy" did not take any astronomical observations. Mr. F. R. Stryker did the business for him. We did our spy-glass-seeing.

The pretty Dutch boy at the Colosseum was Louis Schworer, Jr., of New York.

Mr. Wells, of Baltimore, was the most obliging mute present. His bows, nods and smiles, as profuse as the "little drops of water" and "little grains of sand."

Mr. Rogers, of South Carolina, was just a bit too reticent.

"Jolly Old Crow's" scarlet cravat would have raised the dander of the Duke of Durham. It was louder than the Langtry bang!

How would the light toed "Bella L." and the serene Mr. Froehlich do to sail together over life's sea of weal and woe and thick and thin?

Patterson, "Lester Montrose," Knowles and "Hieronymus," dangled around the same lady at the picnic, and were gush in their homage to her; but "Hieronymus" "saw" her home.

The Convention would not have been complete without that ubiquitous Virginian, "O rare Job Turner!"

Mr. Weeks, of Hartford, did a big thing in accepting the treasurer'ship of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

Miss Weil, of Pennsylvania, was decidedly fascinating to those who knew her.

Mr. Steenrod, of West Virginia, was the mute who graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution fifty-four years ago!

The probably-made-up-story of Ben Butler's reference to mutes as being but "half men," was rebashed on the rostrum by our Boston cousin Harry, making in all the 999,999th time. It was like Byron's oft-repeated lines, "Slaughtered to make a Roman holiday."

Mrs. Follett rendered Miss Fuller's poem in the sign-language more

gracefully and with more meaning than we ever saw a poem so rendered. "Poet" LeClercq rendered invaluable service to the reporters of the New York papers.

Mrs. Converse, of Massachusetts, might have been "the belle of the Convention" had the silent assemblage taken place when your mamma was a girl. We were extremely happy to make her acquaintance even after the close of the Convention.

Messrs. Driscoll, LeClercq and Miss Treat did the "terpishorean art" to perfection, and the band screeched and sawed and pounded away—away down into the "wee wee" hours of ante meridian!

"Hieronymus" arrived too late to be put on the regular nomination ticket. So he was kindly shuffled into the Executive Committee with Mr. Houston, of Philadelphia, whose bread had been already buttered.

Mr. Bacharach, of Philadelphia, would have secured the "coal skuttle" prize, had he entered into competition for it.

The dudes who were there, were H. M. Howe and H. A. Chapman, of Massachusetts; C. B. Stilwell, Thos. Breen, Ed. Wilson and J. T. Elwell, of Philadelphia; and Mr. Heyman, of New York City.

"I dress in a picturesque style:
My costume is simple and quaint;
My face wears an æsthetic smile
That's half idiotic, half dæmonic;
And when through the city I pass,
I set the girls' hearts in a flutter;
Though some of them call me an ass,
What matters it while I am utta?"
Yes, utta.

"On waking I practice a while
In front of my mirror each morn'g,
To catch the expression and smile
That ignorant people are savoring;
And when through the city I pass,
I set the girls' hearts in a flutter;
Though some of them call me an ass,
What matters it while I am utta?"
Yes, utta.

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COLORADO INSTITUTION.

Ninth Anniversary of its Opening.

LIST OF THE NEW OFFICIALS

Colorado Springs Daily Gazette, September 13.

The ninth anniversary of the opening of the Deaf and dumb Institute, an institution under the control of the state of Colorado, and supported by its tax payers, occurred yesterday afternoon. The opening exercises began at 2:30 o'clock, and were attended by a large number of our citizens, including more especially those who are connected with or interested in the advancement of our educational institutions. Those present assembled in the chapel of the institute, the pupils occupying the front rows of seats.

Prof. S. F. Walker, the newly elected principal of the institute, called the assembly to order. Seats on the platform were occupied by Prof. J. C. Shattuck, state superintendent of instruction, Dr. R. G. Buckingham, president, and Dr. Correy, member of the board of trustees of the institute, Dr. Willis Lord, Rev. A. W. Arundel and Dr. T. C. Kirkwood. After calling the assembly to order Prof. Walker stated that twenty-eight scholars had already arrived at the institute, twenty-five of whom were deaf-mutes, the other three blind scholars, and that by December they expected that there would be fully 50 present. He said that there were altogether in the United States about 40,000 or 50,000 deaf-mutes and blind persons, two-thirds of whom were deaf-mutes. Reference was made by him to the importance of the work, and he urged the citizens to take interest in and inspect the workings of the institution, the methods of instruction, etc.

Rev. A. W. Arundel was then introduced and read the 23d Psalm, which was interpreted by signs to the pupils by Prof. Walker.

Dr. R. G. Buckingham, president of the board of trustees, who has been identified with the institution ever since its organization nine years ago, next took the platform. The doctor said that he was very much pleased to see so many present at the opening exercises of the institution. In the past the people had not seemed to manifest sufficient interest in what was being done for these poor unfortunate children. He opened his remarks by speaking of the efforts that had been made as long ago as 1500 for the education of the deaf mutes. In earlier days, efforts were made to teach members of the noble families of France and Spain, the latter country having the first credit of teaching articulation to the deaf mutes.

England, he said, was first to establish an institution for the free education of the deaf mutes, which was about 1600, since which time much progress has been made. In 1870 there were in the United States forty institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb. The doctor urged the importance of the adoption of a permanent system for the teaching of deaf, dumb and blind, and suggested that a national convention be called for that purpose. He gave as his reason for this that too many changes were constantly being made in the system of teaching, and that pupils were taught differently from what they were ten years ago, which was wrong.

A good common school education, he said, was all that the pupils needed and then they were prepared to go out in the world and do for themselves. He spoke in the most complimentary way of the teachers who had devoted their lives to teaching the deaf, dumb and blind, and said that while men had fought battles and achieved victories and had their names inscribed on marble columns for so doing, the names of those who had devoted their existence to teaching those poor unfortunate creatures would be engraved on the tablet of life, and their lives and records would never die.

Dr. Buckingham then gave a brief history of the Deaf and Dumb Institution from its organization to the present time, which was as follows: In 1874 a man named Walcott who had a deaf-mute boy, now in the institute, circulated in Denver a petition soliciting aid for and asking the legislature then in session to appropriate money for the establishment of an institution. The petition was liberally signed, and through the influence of this city, and Dr. Buckingham, the bill passed, and \$5,000 was appropriated for the education of the deaf and dumb. In March of the same year the board of trustees met in this city to make provision for the opening. With but \$5,000 and the one-fifth mill per dollar on the taxed valuation of the state, amounting then to \$44,000,000, for its support, the institution had but a meagre start. Some money was borrowed to help along, and the central portion of the present building was erected, a building at a rental of \$600 being used in the meantime. The next legislature appropriated \$5,500, which was used in the erection of the north wing, and the session following appointed a committee to investigate the institution and report back. This committee recognized its value as a state institution and reported in favor of \$20,000 appropriation which was allowed and subsequently expended. At the last session \$6,000 more was appropriated, which is now

being expended in much needed improvements. In conclusion, here we are, said the doctor. We will hold Prof. Walker and Mr. Faylor responsible for the advancement of the children in their studies, and we as a board will do all we can to aid them.

Prof. Shattuck was next called on. He said that he had been much interested in and had watched the progress of the institution from the start, and was a member of the legislature that made the first appropriation spoken of by Dr. Buckingham. He said further that he had been familiar with the struggles that it had passed through and was pleased to notice the advancement that had been made. Now these poor unfortunate children had a home surrounded with an air of neatness from basement to turret. Prof. Shattuck urged the importance of having institutions of this kind kept clean and neat, and spoke of the intelligence depicted in the faces of the pupils in the seats before him.

Prof. J. P. Ralstin, former principal at the institution, upon being introduced, said that he was much pleased to see so many of the citizens of Colorado Springs present at the opening exercises. His interest in the education of the deaf and dumb, he said, had extended over a period of nine years, seven of which had been spent in the Colorado Springs Institute.

He said that he no one knew more than he did the difficulties experienced in starting and keeping up the Institute in its infancy, and no one was better pleased to see the progress it had made than he. To-day, we have an institution of which the State may well be proud. Prof. Ralstin concluded his remarks with a few personal suggestions in regard to the children, who, he said, seemed to him almost like his own children.

Prof. Walker then thanked the citizens for coming to the exercises, and said that he hoped they would come again when routine work was fully established. He asked all those knowing of deaf, mute or blind, to inform them of the free advantages for an education offered them at the Institute, saying it was a duty they owed to the children and their parents. Before finishing his remarks, Prof. Walker invited those present to walk through and inspect the building.

Dr. T. C. Kirkwood concluded the exercises with prayer.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Since the closing of the institute, in June, numerous improvements have been made. For lack of funds, the upper story of the main building was left unfinished, and many of the rooms were only partially furnished. Now the building is entirely finished, repainted and otherwise materially improved. In all there are now in the building about 125 rooms, and a new system of numbering them has recently been introduced. The basement is set aside for the printing office, pupils' playrooms, and pupils' and officers' dining rooms. On the first floor, to the right of the main entrance, is the parlor, recitation rooms for the blind, and private rooms of the principal and steward. To the left of the entrance the principal's office, chapel, and recitation and reading rooms. Both the first and second stories are set aside for sleeping apartments for the pupils, one of the wings being for the boys and the other for the girls. In the second story are two rooms, one called the red and the other the blue room, for the accommodation of guests visiting the institution. Both of these rooms have been very handsomely furnished.

In the rear of the main building there is now in course of erection an addition, 20x35, three stories in height, which will be used for

FANWOOD.

New York Institution Happenings.

A WORD ABOUT THE BOYS & GIRLS.

Personals and Comments.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Fanwood is filling up again slowly but surely. New arrivals drop in daily, some coming with eager tread, others with reluctant step. The latter class, we are glad to say, are in the minority.

The discontinuing of the Tarrytown Branch, thereby adding about fifty young pupils to the main branch of the Institution, and the absence of Dr. Peet in Europe, kept things back in no little degree during the first week of school, so that upon the arrival of Dr. Peet he was unable to classify the pupils at once. However, on Tuesday last, that matter was successfully attended to, and now that both pupil and teacher have their duties assigned them, clock-work regularly in all that pertains to the classroom is the prominent feature. A little salt water was squeezed from the handsome eyes of Rebecca when she discovered that, owing to her extreme fondness for play during the preceding term she had fallen behind her class, and was consequently assigned to a lower one; a gleam of triumph and exultation was noticed in the eyes of John, who by hard study and perseverance, had distanced his late competitors—but such are the usual results of classification, and doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers.

While all or nearly all of our pupils are glad to resume their studies once more, it is nevertheless a fact that Saturday is appreciated as much as other week days. Pocket money among the boys is plentiful just about this time, and that day provides ample time to get rid of it. In a city like New York, where amusement can be obtained in every variety, money in the pockets of a school boy does not remain long with its owner. In a few weeks, the horn of plenty will be empty, and the afternoons spent dolefully gazing into shop windows with the cheerful thought of "what might have been."

The girls, too, have money, but not so many opportunities, therefore less temptation to spend it. However, on Saturday afternoons, those who are longing for a taffy "blow out" are marshalled into line and keeping step to a candy waltz, march to the village where confectionery establishments flourish. They are invariably chaperoned by a lady supervisor, who combines pleasure with duty—i.e., prevents all from eating too much—as girls are prone to do. It is an interesting sight to witness the manner in which they contrive to purchase the toothsome delicacies, but out of regard for their feelings we refrain from a description of how they endeavor to obtain three pence for two cents when the regular price was fifteen, and the choruses of silent "she cheats" when they find their manœuvres to be unsuccessful; also how, upon their return to school, they are greeted by those whose appetites are larger than their purses, with, "Gimme a bite," etc. "Girls will be girls," you know.

Many visitors drop in at this time of the year, the object being chiefly to see how things are progressing now that vacation is over and another term commenced, and in some instances proffer unasked-for advice relative to the most advantageous methods of conducting the affairs of the school. They find things about the same as usual, barring the absence of numerous once familiar faces and the presence of many strange ones.

Our silent callers Sunday last, were Mrs. I. L. Peet, Messrs. F. M. Senior (who related the latest stories out), W. O. Fitzgerald, William B. Magill and William Ennis. Our hearing visitors were Mr. Folsom and Mr. Bell. The latter gentleman returned from Europe in the same vessel with Dr. and Mrs. Peet and Prof. Gamage. They appeared much interested in the afternoon chapel service, at which Dr. Peet officiated.

John Callin, a fledgling from Westchester, don't give a continental whether school keeps or not. He manifested his supreme indifference by scooting home or to some adjacent county. John Callin has vamoosed, but the New York Institution still lives.

Supervisor Howell is well known for his giant strength, and many a year has passed since he has been laid on his back by any thing (John L. Sullivan not excepted). However, he was on his back Sunday last—and fairly thrown. A furious attack of malaria neatly felled him. He is again at his post to-day.

Washington Houston, of Pennsylvania, who was honored with a Vice-Presidency at the late Convention, is a graduate of Fanwood, and visited here on September 5th. He had an enjoyable time while in New York.

On Sunday last, Long Island had among its visitors Misses Rice and Mitchell. Brooklyn was enhanced by Miss Rintoul.

Owing to his contemplated removal to Santa Barbara, Cal., Prof. Reaves resigned from the Gallaudet Club at the last meeting.

"Little Dude," "Phixy" and

"Tirky Quill" have returned to the Institution. The "Harlem Dude" is still loose.

The High Class "tub," Evangeline, again rests on the bosom of the Hudson.

Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, of the Board of Directors, sails for America from Liverpool, on the new steamship Oregon, of the Guion Line, on October 6th. He will be furnished with plenty of music and beauty during the passage, as among those who have secured berths on the same ship appear the names of Mrs. Patti and Mrs. Langtry, each lady having secured a bridal chamber, the cost of which is \$500.

Fanwood had three representatives at Niblo's on Wednesday of last week. Charles Devoe and Alderman Russell were entertained at the printing office the latter part of "recently."

At the last meeting of the Gallaudet Club, of this city, Prof. G. C. W. Gamage, A. Guggenheimer, Thomas F. Fox and E. Souweine, were elected members.

The new members of the High Class are Messrs. Rose, Durian, Berry, Valentine, Becker, Dunn and J. B. Lloyd, Misses Croak, Shieck and May Martin. Miss Ida Montgomery teaches the girls, while the boys will continue under the instruction of Prof. Clarke.

The principal feature of classification was the separation of the sexes. Heretofore a number of the classes, including the High, have consisted of about an equal number of male and female pupils, but it was decided to enter upon a new departure this term, and have them taught separately.

Happy John H. Dundon, of the National Mute College, was here Monday afternoon.

Richard H. Cantine, of Ellenville, N. Y., received a pleasant visit from Prof. Van Tassel during the latter's vacation.

Supervisor Stowell kindly distributed a basket of pears and grapes to the High Class Boys last night.

Miss Ida Montgomery is for the present boarding with Prof. and Mrs. Carrier at their charming little home. Cmr.

Turtle Creek Items.

Vacation has come and gone, and the children have settled down to hard work again. School opened last Monday—later than ever before on account of the pupils not returning promptly. Some came on Wednesday, and the rest on Friday.

There has been much improvement about the Institute since school closed, and every thing looks clean and nice, better than it ever did before. The walls have been papered, and many other things have been done which I cannot mention.

We have got a new matron. Her name is Miss McCready. We all love her as a mother, and think very much of her cousin, Miss Long, who has been appointed assistant matron. She came a short time ago from Ohio. She is a very kind and nice lady.

There is no trouble in the blue sky of Turtle Creek this year. Every thing looks well and happy.

All of the teachers have returned. Three of them were rusticated in the mountains, and report having had a "Jumbo time." The others remained at home, perhaps learning to cook. One of them, Miss Roup, your readers will remember, was lying very low before school closed, and did not recover until last August. She was so weak and so thin that we thought she would never be able to rise from her bed again. She came out last Sunday, looking well and fatter than she ever did before. She was in New York a couple of weeks, near the sea shore, and that improved her health. We are happy to have her with us again, for we missed her familiar face so much.

The Doctor and his wife are well, and seem to be happy to have the children back again.

The east wing of the new Institution building is up to the floor of the second story, and the floor stringers laid in position.

There was given a surprise party last Wednesday at the residence of Miss Lizzie Montgomery. Quite a large number were present, and a most enjoyable time passed. Had Miss Montgomery's nice brothers not been there, probably it would not have been so successful. Among those who were present were Mr. Geo. Teegarden, "Imperator," Hugh McMaster, Wm. Humphrey, our jolly friend, William Hedrick, Misses Pfeiffer, Schamm, Morian, Shearing, George and several others. They played various games, and the party broke up at 12 o'clock.

"Imperator" was here all day on Friday. He said he was sorry he came down so soon. He wanted to wait until next week to see his fellow student, Field Morrow, who is expected to stop here on his way to College. Why, "Imperator," can't you come down again?

DAISY.

NEW JERSEY INSTITUTION.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING NEXT MONTH—CONTRACTS AWARDED.

The Board of Trustees of the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb held a meeting at the building in Chambersburg at noon Tuesday. Governor Ludlow, the President of the board, was unable to be present, and Mr. Beach, of Jersey City, occupied his place as presiding officer.

It was decided to open the Institution for admission of pupils on Tuesday, October 9th. All of the pupils who have heretofore been maintained

at the expense of the State in institutions for deaf-mutes elsewhere, will be required to make application for admission into the New Jersey Institution if they desire to avail themselves of the State's beneficence. The Committee on Admissions will meet at the Institution shortly, and applications for admission should be transmitted at once to the principal, Prof. Weston Jenkins.

During the afternoon the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met to decide upon the bids for carpets, table linen, &c., and made the following awards:

Smith & Hutchinson—Carpets, table linen and glass crash.

G. W. Grant & Son—Turkish towels, toilet quilts, rubber sheeting and check gingham.

Lee, Davison & Dye—Turkish towels, napkins, bed-spreads, brown sheeting and comfortable.

Lawrence Farrell—Looking glasses.

John L. Murphy—Stationery.

Yard & Richards—Chairs.—*Weekly State Gazette, September 13.*

REPLY TO "X."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Judging from what appeared in your last issue, the pulse of your regular correspondent from this vicinity is somewhat turned by jealousy, his ill-success in obtaining office in the Twilight Union, and his failure to obtain that very recognition which his remarkable ability as a "growler" deserves.

It was not long ago that he, as champion of a certain sectarian society, endeavored to "bulldoze" the committee appointed to take charge of the Peet Memorial Fund; he also at the same time pretended to speak for the mutes of this vicinity, but many of them openly repudiated him, and soon after the Manhattan Literary Association enthusiastically donated \$50 and half the proceeds of its Excursion to the Fund, and the society for which it was supposed "X" spoke, also backed down from the stand which it had taken, and will now probably do something to help the fund along. His authority was undeniable.

Then some thing about the By-laws of the Manhattan Literary Association disturbed the growler's midnight dreams; he rolled and tumbled and muttered threats, but at last he could stand it no longer. He sprang from his bed, seized his rusty pen and dashed off a long tirade of nonsense against the Association, the substance of which was that it would soon go to pieces unless this and that thing was done immediately, and he wound up by predicting a drear future for it. What was the result? Many new members have since joined the Association, and its meetings continue to grow more interesting than ever before.

As for the Twilight Union, "X" having hitherto fawned upon and nursed it to the best of his ability (?) now, true to his nature, pretending a virtue he never possessed, endeavors to knock it to pieces. The organization may bust, but it will not be through his efforts in that direction. Many of the members are tired of it, and there was some talk last week of disbanding, but the intercession of the ladies prevailed, and nothing was done. However, the next meeting will probably see the last of the Twilight Union.

"X" says that some of the members, to use his own words: "haul religion into their society." He is right, but he might have added that these same members were also connected with a local sectarian society; there is nothing in the laws of the Union directed against the Jews, any assertion to the contrary being false; upon application they stand the same chance of election to membership as other mutes.

It was not long ago that a correspondent in the JOURNAL denounced those who, on Sunday afternoons, lounged around and near St. Ann's Church while services were being conducted inside. Being unable to exactly "locate" the writer, a member of the Catholic Literary Union brought the matter to the notice of the Twilight Union. Another member of both societies requested in substance that no member of the Twilight Union be allowed to express, either in writing or otherwise, his opinion of the doings of certain individuals at which the articles were aimed. And yet, "X" has the impudence to think of bigotry! His assumed indignation is but a hide issue which he is playing to hide his real purpose—revenge.

Another cause for his malicious writings is that some months ago two of his friends were candidates for membership in the Twilight Union. One was found to be under age, while the other was "blackballed" by about two-thirds of the members present.

The vote was no sooner announced before "X" was on his feet, stating again the brilliant qualifications and immense influence of his chum, and proposed a second ballot. This was granted, the applicant receiving only two blackballs, while three would have debarred him from membership.

Threats were soon after rumored, and I was creditably informed that I "was to be laid out by a secret blow," not exactly on account of the blackballing, but for articles which appeared in the JOURNAL, and of which I was suspected of being the author, and yet "X" hints of bigotry.

The Twilight Union, during the greater part of the time it has existed, has been a source of much pleasure to its members and their friends, but a few months ago there was admitted to membership a mute who has brought discord into the organi-

zation. On account of his lack of brains, he failed to obtain control of the Club. This, combined with the endeavors of its enemies, both inside and outside of the organization, and the failure of its presiding genius to understand what was expected of him, and consequently the like-warm interest taken in the club by the other members, resulted in a disbandment desirable. Therefore the sooner she "busts," a la "Social Union," the better all hands will be pleased—perhaps. Wait and see.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.
NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1883.

"OLD HARTFORD."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I intended replying at once to R. B. Lawrence's article in the JOURNAL of August 9th, concerning "Hartford Asylum," but thought that others would answer first, and am pleased that two fellows have answered very well. The writer of that needless article is of the fastidious class, and the language was one of a "scolding woman."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was the author of many books, and also a dictionary. How could he be ignorant of the meaning of the word "Asylum"? It should be remembered that before the first Institution was founded, the deaf-mutes were considered incurable idiots, and were often treated as slaves till death, and in some countries they were not legal heirs to any property. Possibly the founders thought best to give the first school the name of Asylum in a philanthropic sense, after a long deliberation. Yes, the word Asylum means a place of refuge, and it gave our first mute fellows protection from the evils already mentioned.

The American Asylum was originally incorporated as Connecticut Asylum. When Congress presented the Asylum with a tract of Government land in Alabama, the corporation had the name changed to American Asylum so that mutes abroad might avail themselves of the benefit from the increased funds. Still they did not drop "Asylum" while they knew the New York Institution was in existence. Prof. Laurent Clerc, my early teacher, said to me that when the Asylum was first established, the founders of the said school thought it was ample for the whole nation, but they were surprised to see numerous other institutions of a similar kind springing up in rapid succession, and the mutes were more numerous than they had calculated.

Dr. Gallaudet lived nearly forty years and Prof. Clerc over fifty years after the school was opened, but I am not aware that they ever regretted too soon Asylum. Am proud of having seen Dr. Gallaudet occasionally in his last two years. The Asylum is very dear to us, and we were happy and healthy under her wings. She used to supply other institutions with teachers, and therefore is the mother of national deaf-mute education. The Deaf-Mute College is her offspring, as nearly all the officers are from Old Hartford.

My classmates from the Gallaudet High Class from 1854-7, have been distinguished as follows: James L. Dennison, Principal; Melville Ballard, teacher, at the Columbia Institution; Lizzie Dennison, nee Lindsey, once an assistant matron; Margaret Allen, assistant matron of the said Institution; Thomas L. Brown, teacher at the Michigan Institution and First Vice-President of the National Convention; Ralph H. Atwood, instructor at the Ohio Institution; the late Richard P. Kavanaugh, tutor of the Missouri Institution; the late Miss Catherine T. Robinson, governess in Alabama; the late Thomas J. Chamberlain, justice of peace in Maine, and afterwards clerk in the United States Patent Office in Washington; Rev. Mr. Philo W. Packard, of Salem, Mass.; Geo. A. Holmes, a veteran clerk at the Registry of Deeds Office in Boston; Francis C. Davis (Kendall Green), clerk in Boston Post Office; Oscar Kinsman, boss machinist in Providence, R. I., and Vice-President of the New England Gallaudet Association; Robert D. Beers, skillful mechanic, and leader of the Bible Class in Bridgeport, Conn. His father once owned ten thousand acres of land in Michigan, but lost much by numerous litigations. Miss Almira Alden, lady of leisure in Maine and talented correspondent of the JOURNAL, and poor Levi Jack, disappointed gold seeker in California, and now inmate of the State Insane Hospital in Maine. I would like to know if any one in the United States can give a greater list of his distinguished former classmates of a High Class.

The once glorious Gallaudet High Class has been out of existence for several years for want of suitable pupils. That is the reason why the students of the college from this direction are scarce lately. Am sorrowful for this occurrence, but hopeful for the near future, and Old Hartford will regain the lost foothold in the college by and by.

The new corps of teachers under the new efficient principal proves to be good and faithful instructors. We should give Principal Williams credit for enforcing the resignation of the last old worthless teacher, and the later sent in his resignation after two days' deliberation.

Asylum Avenue, where the American Asylum is located, is the second most principal street of the city of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, and on that street many distinguished and splendid buildings, as the new State Capitol, City Park, Union Railroad Depot, Allyn House (largest hotel), several churches, etc., and at the foot of the street, Old State House, and

the new large Post Office. No one seems to be ashamed of "Asylum." The American Asylum is an independent boarding school with ample funds. She is the Mecca of deaf-mutes in the United States. I have written enough on this subject, so turn to another subject—the recent National Convention.

We congratulate you upon having received the highest honor the Convention could confer, and it is an evidence of their appreciation of your able and candid editorials.

I regret my inability to have attended the Convention. The old saying, "Charity begins at home," compelled me to stay at home with four free little boarders, but I was much gratified at the success of the Convention, and the election of officers gave us entire satisfaction. All the New York papers reported respectfully of the Convention, and also all of the silent New Englanders speak well of the behavior of both parties, and had a good time. We are particularly glad that the next Convention will be held at the National Capital, and predict a big assemblage and numerous Southern mutes.

W. K. CHASE.

WINSTED, CT., Sept. 14.

Philadelphia Briefs.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—Vacation has ended and those of our pupils who have not yet completed their education have once more gathered within the spacious halls of their beloved *Alma Mater*. The attendance of girls this term does not nearly equal that of the preceding one, while the number of boys on the roll bids fair to exceed that of any previous year within our recollection.

Should the weather prove favorable ere this letter appears before the readers of the JOURNAL, we expect to have taken our annual trip to "Old Ocean" and to have tasted once more the matchless delights of a day spent in wandering up and down the shell-strewn beach of the broad Atlantic and sport again within its white-crested waves. But let us not too eagerly anticipate, lest, as the poet says, there be "many a slip between the cup and the lip."

With the present term, three new teachers have come to swell our ranks. Prof. F. Booth, Iowa, who has been placed in charge of the Secondary class of girls, and who will no doubt deserve his fair reputation as an instructor. Miss Wood, who hails from Minnesota and who will act as an assistant Articulation teacher for the boys, and lastly, though by no means least, Miss Barry, from Michigan, who has charge of a class of little boys. Miss Barry is an extremely vivacious little lady, and has already made herself very popular, both among the teachers and pupils. For the ensuing year, the Boys' High Class will, we believe, be under the instruction of Prof. Wm. Jenkins, while the same class of girls is to be under the care of Prof. Kirkhuff.

Friday, the 15th inst., being the birthday of Prof. Crouter, his pupils presented him with a handsome birthday card mounted upon an elegant ornamental easel, as a token of remembrance as well as for a farewell offering, the class recently having been transferred to Prof. Kirkhuff's room.

A few days since, Miss S. Early was the happy recipient of an elegant tidy, with which she was highly pleased and for which she desires to return her acknowledgment. The tidy was the work of Miss Niculula's deft fingers and was beautifully done, the satin used in the combination being of the exact tint to suit the dark eyes and hair of Miss E.

On the 13th inst., the pupils and teachers were admitted free to the grand Floral and Pomological Exhibition held in the vast rooms of Horticultural Hall. We acknowledge with pleasure the kindness of the President, Mr. William L. Schaffer, through whose generosity the admission was obtained.

"Imperator's" letters are growing weekly more interesting, and we take pleasure in noticing how rapidly the mutes of the "Smoky City" and vicinity are improving, both socially and morally. They seem to be getting far ahead of our quiet "Quaker City" mutes in the number and variety of their entertainments.

It is with deep regret that we learned, on our return to our *Alma Mater*, that our honored Principal was again suffering from his old ailment, and that he has made very little advancement toward recovery. We trust he may soon be restored to health, as his illness has cast a gloom over our otherwise pleasant hours of reunion. Miss Mary E. Zeigler, one of our silent teachers, has also been seriously ill since her return in September, and has been quite unable to perform her duties here. We trust health may soon be restored to her, as well as to our beloved principal.

VIOLET.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16, '83.

Hartford Institution.

Mr. Albert A. Small, who for the past seven years, has been connected with the asylum as supervisor of the boys, retired from that position, the first part of the present month to engage in the business of poultry raising, and his place has been filled by a young man from Vermont, a brother of Miss Julia E. Gilson, one of our pupils. It was Mr. Small's aim upon leaving the asylum to purchase a small farm upon which to carry on his business, but finding nothing to satisfy him, he has at present taken up temporary quarters at Anburndale,

Mass., near his wife's relatives, where he intends to remain till a more favorable opportunity arises for him to buy. It will be remembered that Mr. Small was appointed supervisor during Mr. E. C. Stone's administration, and during all those long seven years, he and Mr. Crossett have labored faithfully and harmoniously together, the latter of whom being an old and experienced hand, has acted as senior member, and hence the success of the former in preserving good order among the boys has been greatly due to the advice and counsel of the latter. But being both totally deaf there are frequently many noises among the boys, which were impossible for either Mr. Small or Mr. Crossett to detect, and hence the chief aim of our principal in appointing a speaking and hearing man to succeed Mr. Small was to remedy this defect.

Mr. Gilson, the new supervisor, will sleep in a room, adjoining the boy's dormitory, and will in fact be with them at all times outside of the school-rooms and shops.

During Mr. Small's stay in Hartford, he had won hosts of friends, and the good wishes of all connected with the asylum go with him for his success and welfare in whatever business he may undertake.

X.

Cincinnati Nuggets.

After two months of vacation, the doors unhinged for the members of the society on the first instant, and there was a nearly full attendance, but a few who were, kept at kept at home. After the usual routine of business being rushed through, Mr. Joe H. Vance, in the absence of the chairman committee on picnic, Mr. J. K. T. Hoagland, in New York, presented two prizes, a gold medal (beautiful design) to Mr. Frank Gillespie, a pupil at the Columbus Institution, who sold the largest number of tickets, 150; and another shaped like an audiphone to Mr. F. Schutte, who claimed the next, 100. They replied in appropriate words.

Last Sunday, being the birthday of Miss Mary Woolley, of Pleasant Ridge, her mother invited some mutes living in city to come to celebrate the occasion. The persons thus honored were Misses Maggie Morin, Emilie Wolski, Henrietta Gould and Millie Gilhaus, who was accompanied by her step-mother: Messrs. J. K. T. Hoagland, John Barrick and your scribe. Mrs. Annie B. Sparkes was invited, but she could not go on account of indisposition. The party bought a couple of beautiful vases as a present for Miss Woolley, who thanked them in appropriate terms. They enjoyed themselves very finely. They were treated to a bountiful dinner. At 5 P.M., the party took the same cars they came in in the morning for their respective homes. It was quite a surprise for Miss Woolley.

Otis Vance, after having knocked about this portion of the vast world for a year, is back to his paternal wing like the prodigal son. He says he can find work for himself easily. He is not much changed, and has secured a job at Freeman's printing office, where Mr. A. Rembeck works.

Barnum and his world-famed Jumbo were here two weeks ago, staying four days, and drawing a vast attendance of people to his tents each performance like flies attracted to molasses.

Several mutes could not resist the fascination, and took in Jumbo, which is a real Jumbo. No humbug about him. Some time in the past month, a married but childless niece of Martin Turner found a girl baby evidently abandoned in her yard, and so she adopted it as her own.

Leslie Whitaker, a fellow from the country, was in town, and witnessed the exposition pageant last week, which was the most elegant parade ever seen in city. Failing to secure a job, he returned home the next day, hoping to be in better luck next time.

Miss Kate Eddy, a hearing sister of Mrs. Mary Cately, was in the city two weeks, and returned home to Louisville, Ky., well pleased with what she saw in the Paris of America.

James Mott Woolley, a deaf-mute brother of Miss Mary, elsewhere mentioned, was placed in a rather uncomfortable position by a railroad accident, which occurred last Saturday morning, while he was on his way to work. He observed another train bearing upon him, and had the presence of mind to grasp the back of the aisle to await his fate that favored him as shown below. The collision between the trains caused his dinner basket to disgorge its contents, breaking the saucers to a thousand and one pieces and his hat to play hide and seek with him, but he at last found his head gear after hunting it some time. Indeed, it was lucky that he escaped unhurt. A man was so injured that he was not expected to survive.

Vint Ross, a hearing brother of Mr. John Ross, of Walnut Hills, received a knock that broke his arm, and will be laid down for some time by the accident.

Miss Millie Gilhaus was in Indianapolis, Ind., several days on a visit to her relations.

Mrs. Louisa Davis, the divorced wife of J. M. T. Davis, was married to a hearing cigar-maker last month, whose name I could not learn. It is hoped that she will find a better husband this time.

Amos Eldridge, of Springfield, O., was seen on the street during the exposition parade.

John Breen and Wm. Towers are back to town, and expect to locate here for an indefinite time.

No more till the bulletin is filled up again.

DURANDAL.

15-9-'83.

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